THE ILLINOIS FREE TRADER

AND LASALLE COUNTY COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

OUR COUNTRY—HER COMMERCE—AND HER FREE INSTITUTIONS.

VOL. IV. OTTAWA, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1843. NO. 14.

AFFECTION

BY W. H. LONGFELLOW.

What I most prize in woman
Is her affection, not her intellect.
Compare me with the great men of the earth—
What am I? Why, a pigmy among giants!
But if thou lovest—mark me, I say lovest—
The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!
The world of the affections is thy world—
Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame. The element of fire
Is pure. It cannot change or hide its nature,
But burns as brightly in a gipsy camp,
As in a palace hall.

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

Up in the morning, 'as soon as the lark,'
Late in the evening, when falleth the dark,
Afar on the upland, or under the tree,
Come the sweet voices of children to me.
I am an old man, and my hair is gray,
But I sit in the sunshine to watch you at play,
And a kindlier current doth run through each vein,
And I bless you, bright creatures, again and again.
I rejoice in your sports, in the warm summer weather,
While, hand locked in hand, ye are striving together;
But I see what you see not—the sorrow and strife
Of the years that will come in the contest of life.

For I am an old man, and age looketh on
To the time that will be, from the time that is gone;
But you, blessed creatures! you think not of sorrow,
For your joy is to-day, and ye have no to-morrow!
Ah, sport ye, and wrestle—be glad as the sun,
And lie down to rest when your pastime is done;
For your dreams are of sunshine, of blossom and dew,
And the 'God of the Blessed' doth watch over you.
While the angels of heaven are missioned to keep
Unbroken the calm of your innocent sleep;
And an old man's blessing doth o'er you dwell,
The whole day long—and so fare ye well!

FAITHFUL SON.

"My tale is simple and of humble birth,
A tribute of respect to real worth."

'You are too parsimonious,' said Mr. Dana to one of his clerks, as they were together in the counting house one morning—'give me leave to say that you do not dress sufficiently genteel to appear as a clerk in a fashionable store.'

Henry's face was suffused with a deep blush, and a tear trembled on his manly cheek.

'Did I not know that your salary was sfficient to provide more genteel habiliments,' continued Mr. Dana, 'I would increase it.'

'My salary is sufficient, amply sufficient, sir,' replied Henry, in a voice choked with that proud independence of feeling which poverty had not been able to divest him of. His employer noticed the agitation, and immediately changed the subject.

Mr. Dana was a man of immence wealth and ample benevolence; he was a widower, and had but one child, a daughter, who was the pride of his declining years. She was not as beautiful as an angel, or as perfect as Venus; but the goodness, the innocence, the intelligence of her mind shone in her countenance, and you had but to become acquainted with her to admire and love her. Such was Caroline Dana, when Henry became an intimate of her father's abode.

No wonder then that he soon loved with deep and devoted affection; and, reader, had you known him, you would not have wondered that that love was soon returned, for their souls were congenial: they were cast in virtue's purest mould,—and although their tongues never gave utterance to what they felt, yet the language of their eyes told too plainly to be mistaken. Henry was the soul of honor, and although he perceived that he was not indifferent to Caroline, the passion in his bosom was stifled. 'I must not endeavor to win her young and artless heart. I am penniless, and cannot expect that her father will ever consent to her union—he has ever treated me with kindness, and I will not be ungreatful.' Thus he reasoned, and thus he heroically endeavored to subdue what he considered an ill-fated passion. Caroline had many suitors, and some who were fully worthy of her; but she refused all their overtures with a gentle but a decisive firmness. Her father wondered at her conduct, and yet would not thwart her inclinations.

He was in the decline of life, and wished to see her happily settled before he quit the stage of existence. It was long ere he suspected that young Henry was the cause of her indifference to others. The flow of spirit and evident pleasure she took in hearing him praised, the blush on her cheak whenever their eyes met, all served to convince the old gentleman, who had not forgotten that he was once young himself, that they took more than common interest in each other's welfare.

Thus satified, he forebore making any remarks upon the subject, but was not as displeased at the supposition as the penniless Henry would have imagined.

Henry had now been about a year in his employ. Mr. Dana knew nothing of his family, but his strict integrity, his irreproachable morals, his pleasing manners, all conspired to make them esteem him highly. He was proud of Henry, and wished him to appear in dress, as well as manners as respectable as any one. He had often wondered at the scantiness of his wardrobe, for although he dressed with the most scrupulous regard to neatness, his clothes were almost threadbare. Dana did not think this proceeded from a niggardly disposition, and he determined to broach the subject, and, if possible, ascertain the real cause—this he did in the manner we have related.

Soon after this conversation took place, Mr. Dana left home on business. As he was returning, and riding through a beautiful village, he alighted at the door of a cottage, and requested a drink. The mistress, with an ease and politeness that convinced him that she had not always been the humble cottager, invited him to walk in. He accepted her invitation; and here a scene of poverty and neatness presented itself, such as he had never before witnessed. The furniture, which consisted of no more than what was absolutely necessary, was so exquisitely clean that it gave charmes to poverty, and cast an air of comfort all around. A venerable looking old man, who had not seemed to notice the entrance of Mr. Dana, sat leaning on his staff; his clothes were clean and whole, but so patched that you could have scarcely told which had been the original piece.

'That is your father, I presume?' said Mr. Dana, addressing the lady.

'It is sir.'

'He seems to be quite aged.'

'He is in his eighty-third year—he has survived all his children except myself.'

'You have once seen better days.'

'I have. My husband was wealthy, but false friends have ruined him; he endorsed notes to a great amount, which stripped us of nearly all our property, and one misfortune followed another, until we were reduced to poverty. My husband did not long survive his losses, and two of my children soon followed him.'

'Have you any remaining children?'

'I have one, and he is my only support. My health is so feeble I cannot do much, and my father, being blind, needs great attention. My son conceals from me the amount of his salary; but I am convinced he sends me nearly all, if not the whole amount of it.'

'Then he is not at home with you?'

'No, sir, he is clerk for a wealthy merchant in Philadelphia.'

'Pray what is your son's name?'

'Henry Whitman.'

'Henry Whitman!' exclaimed Mr. Dana—'why he is my clerk! I left him at my house not a fortnight since.'

Here followed a succession of inquiries which evinced an anxiety and a solicitude that a mother alone can feel—to all of which Dana replied to her satisfaction.

'You know our Henry?' said the old man raising his head from his staff; 'well, sir, than you know as worthy a lad as ever lived; God bless him. He will bless him for his godness to his poor old grandfather,' he added in a tremulous voice, while the tears chased each other down his cheeks.

'He is a worthy fellow, to be sure,' said Mr. Dana rising and placeing a well filled purse in the hands of the old man. 'He is a worthy young man, and shall not want friends, be assured.'

He left the cottage.

'Noble boy,' said he mentally, as he was riding leisurely along, ruminating on his interview; 'noble boy, he shall not want wealth to enable him to distribute happiness. I beleive he loves my daughter, and if he does he shall have her, and all my property in the bargain.'

Filled with his project, and determined, if possible, to ascertain the true state of their hearts, he entered the breakfast room next morning after his arrival home. Carolina was alone.

'So Henry is about to leave us to go to England and try his fortune,' he earnestly observed.

'Henry about to leave us!' said Caroline, dropping the work she had in her hand, 'about to leave us, to go to England!' she added, in a tone which evinced the deepest interest.

'To be sure; but what if he is my child?'

'Nothing, sir, nothing—only I thought we should be rather lonesome,' she replied, turning away to hide the tears she could not suppress.

'Tell me, Caroline,' said Mr. Dana, tenderly embracing her, 'tell me—do you not love Henry? You know I wish your happiness, my child. I have ever treated you with kindness, and you have never until now, kept any thing hid from your father.'

'Neither will I now,' she replied, hiding her face in his bosom. 'I do most sincerely esteem him, but do not for the world tell him so, for he has never said it was returned.'

The daughter was left alone.

'Henry,' said he entering the counting-house, 'you expect to visit the country shortly, do you—I believe you told me so?'

'Yes, sir, in about four weeks.'

'If it would not be too inconvenient,' rejoined Mr. Dana, 'I should like to have you defer it a week or two longer, at least.'

'It will be no inconvenience, sir, and if it would oblidge you, I will with pleasure.'

'It will most certainly oblige me, for Caroline is to be married in about six weeks, and I would not miss having you attend the wedding.'

'Caroline to be married, sir!' said Henry, starting as if by an electric shock. 'Caroline to be married! Is it possible!'

'To be sure it is; but what is there so wonderful about that?'

'Nothing, sir; only it was rather sudden, rather unexpected, that's all.'

'It is rather sudden, to be sure, but I am an old man, and wish to see her have a protector—and as the man is well worthy of her, I see no use in waiting any longer, and I am very glad you can stay to the wedding.'

'I cannot stay, sir—indeed I cannot!' replied Henry, forgetting what he had previously said.

'You cannot stay?' replied Mr. Dana; 'why you just said you would.'

'Yes sir, but business requires my presence in the country, and I must go.'

'But you said that it would not put you to any inconvenience, and that you would wait with pleasure.'

'Command me in any thing else, sir, but in that request I cannot oblige you,' said Henry, rising and walking the floor with rapid strides.

Poor fellow, he had thought his passion subdued; but when he found that Caroline was so soon, so irrevocably to become another's, the latent spark burst forth into an unextinguishable flame; and he found it in vain to endeavor to conceal his emotion.

The old gentleman regarded him with a look of earnestness—

'Henry tell me frankly, do you love my daughter?'

'I will be candid with you, sir,' replied Henry, unconcious that his agitation had betrayed him. 'Had I a fortune such as she merits, and as you have a right to expect, I should esteem myself the happiest of men could I gain her love.'

'Then she is your's,' cried the delighted old man; 'say not a word about property, my boy—true worth is better than riches. I was only trying you, Henry—and Carroline will never be married to any other but yourself.'

'I scorn to deceive you, sir; I am poorer than what you suppose—I have a feeble mother and a grandfather who are—'

'I know it—I know it all, Henry,' said Mr. Dana, interrupting him. 'I know the reason of your parsimony, as I called it, and I honor you for it—it was that which first put it into my head to give you Caroline—so she shall be yours, and may God bless you both.'—They separated.

Shortly after this interview, Henry avowed his love to Caroline and solicited her hand, and it is needless to say that he did not solicit in vain. Caroline would have deferred their union until the ensuing spring; but her father was inexorable. He supposed he would have to own a falsehood, he said, and they would willingly have him sholder two;' but it was too much—and he had told Henry that she was going to be married in six weeks and he could not forfeit his word.

'But, perhaps,' added he, apparently recollecting himself, and turning to Henry, 'we shall have to defer it after all, for you have important business in the country about that time.'

'Be merciful, sir,' said Henry, smiling; 'I did not wish to witness the sacrifice of my own happiness.'

'I am mercyful, sir, and for that reason would not wish to put yor to the inconvenience of staying. You said you would willingly oblige me, but you could not, indeed, you could not.'

'You have once been young, sir,' said Henry.

'I know it—I know it, replied he, laughing heartily, 'but I am afraid too many of us old folks forget it—however, if you can postpone your journey, I suppose we must have a wedding.'

We have only to add, that the friends of Henry were sent for, and the nuptials solemnized at the appointed time, and that, blessed with the filial love of Henry and Caroline, the old people passed the remainder of their days in peace and happiness.

Ardent.—A projected runaway match in Pittsburg was prevented from coming off by the lover oversleeping himself.

From Moffat's Missionary Labors in Africa.

An Exciting Story.

The following fact will show the fearful dangers to which solitary travellers are some times exposed. A man belonging to Mr. Solumen's congregation, at Bethany, returning homewards from a visit to his friends, took a circuitous course in order to pass a small fountain, or rather pool, where he hoped to kill an antelope to carry home to his family. The sun had risen to some hight by the time he reached the spot, and seeing no game, he laid his gun down on a shelving rock, the back part of which was covered over with a species of dwarf thorn bushes. He went to the water, took a hearty drink, and returned to the rock, smoked a pipe, and being a little tired, fell asleep.

In a short time, the heat of the rock awoke him, and opening his eyes, he saw a large lion crouching before him, with his eyes glaring in his face, and within little more than a yard of his feet. He sat motionless for some minutes, till he had recovered his presence of mind, then eyeing his gun, moved his hand slowly towards it; the lion seeing him, raised his head, an gave a tremendious roar; he made another and another attempt, but the gun being far beyond his reach, he gave it up, as the lion seemed well aware of his object, and was enraged whenever he attempted to move his hand. His situation now became painful in the extreme; the rock on which he sat became so hot that he could scarcely bear his naked feet to touch it, and kept moving them, alternately placing one above the other.

The day passed, and the night also, but the lion never moved from the spot; the sun rose again, and its intence heat soon rendered his feet past feeling.—At noon the lion rose and walked to the water only a few yards distant, and looking behind as it went, lest the man should move, and seeing him streach out his hands to take his gun, turned in a rage, and was on the point of springing upon him. The animal went to the water, drank, and returning lay down again at the edge of the rock. Another night passed; the man describing it, said he knows not whether he slept, but if he did it must have been with his eyes open, for he always saw the lion at his feet. Next day, in the forenoon, the animal went again to the water, and while there he listened to some noise apparently, from an opposite quarter, and disappeared in the bushes.

The man now made another effort, and seized his gun; but on attempting to raise, he fell, his ancles being without power. With his gun in his hand, he crept towards the water and drank, but looking at his feet, he saw, as he expressed it, his "toes roasted," and the skin torn off with the grass. There he sat a few moments expecting the lion's return, when he resolved to send the contents of the gun through his head; but as he did not appear, tying his gun on his back the poor man made the best of his way on his hands and knees to the nearest path, hoping some lonely individual might pass. He could go no further, when providentially a person came up who took him to a place of safety, from whence he obtained help, though he lost his toes and was a cripple for life.

A French Bathing Place.

The water is as clear as the brightest crystal, and through its azure depths the eye can discern the white sand that sparkles at the bottom. This constitutes the famous bathing place, and here the beau monde of Bairitz are to be seen, during the heat of the morning, executing their watery purposes; beaux and belles alike, sporting and flirting as though the sea were their native element. The ladies are dressed in the thinest linen garments, with gigantic hats of straw, as a protection from the sun's rays. They are kept in a buoyant position by bladders passed under their arms, while expert bathingmen push them over the bay, by holding their feet with one hand and swimming with the other. I fancy your astonishment at this description, but, I assure you, it cannot be greater than was mine on my first introduction to this singular scene. It is upon such accasions that we feel we are among another people, differing essentially from us, both in habits and sentiment. The day upon which I witnessed this scene, was brilliant in the extreme, and as sultry as usual; of course, therefore, as you will readily believe, I made a point of joining this amphibious party. Having entered a booth for the purpose of equipping myself, my patience was sorely tried by a fat Frenchman, who occupied the whole attention of the assistant by fitting on different dresses, many of which were split by his exaggerated proportions; in the course of half an hour, however, having shed my outer garments, I was arrayed in the regular aquatic dress, "if dress it might be called, that dress had none." The neither robe did scarcely reach the knees, while the jacket, composed of the thinest materials, was wholly guiltless of the sleeves. To confess the truth, I certainly did feel somewhat awkward at the idea of thus walking down to the sands, through a bevy of ladies sitting at work; but custom is a great reconciler of scruples. So on I went, and as no one appeared to take particular notice of my meager vestments, my courage mounted, and I entered the water and its band of Nereids with the most perfect *nonchalance*. I was much amused at perceiving these fair tenants of the sea, as they floated and gamboled, acknowledging their several acquaintances with as much ease and courtesy as they might have shown in the gardens of the Tuilleries.—*Paris's Letters of the Pyrences.*

Tomb of Columbus.

A correspondent of the Picayune, giving a description of the cathedral of Havana, writes as follows:

"Within the sacristy, and to the right of the alter in the cathedral, is a table of stone, inlaid in the wall, having on it the bust of a man in basso relievo. Within this lie the ashes of the immortal Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of this the New World.

The remains of the great navigator, as all know, were conveyed from Spain to St. Domingo, and after having rested there one hundred and three years, they were in 1796 transferred to Havana; they are preserved in a silver urn, enclosed in a leaden chest.

Thus has the cathedral of Havana, the honor of being the receptacle of his dust, of whose birth five cities clame the distinction, and of whom as a benefactor of the human race, conjecture has no estimate—language has no appropriate eulogy."

Good and Evil.

At a superficial glance one would suppose that all those tributary streams that make up the river of benevolence or goodness were dried up at their fountain; that there was no goodness in the world. This is not the case. Virtuous actions proceeding from pure principles, passes like the sunshine, still and quietly through the world, and distils, like the dew of heaven its equal blessings secretly; not even letting its left hand know what its right hand doeth. While, on the other hand, evil is blazoned forth with trumpet tongues, and every pains is taken to record, and give to the world its crimes and follies. The most revolting murders, the new invented modes of suicide, the systematized manner of seductions, with all the catalogue of lesser crimes, is faithfully heralded by almost every press in the Union, discussed in public assemblies, rehearsed in private circles, and made the subject of the fire-side conversation.

And what is the effect upon community and individuals, in giving publicity to crime? Does it check it? Does the familiarizing ourselves with crime have a tendency to prevent it? does it soften the feelings? does it call out and keep in exercise, the purest sentiment of the mind? does it more and more shock the fine feelings of our nature? Ask the habitual profane swearer—what were his feelings the first time he blasphemed his Maker, and he will tell you, that he shuddered at the impious expression that had escaped his lips, and the recollection of it stung him to the very soul. Ask him what effect it has upon his feelings now—and he will tell you that he does not even think of it!—*Miamian.*

From the Charleston Mercury.

Hard Times.—Cure for Them.

Industry and frugality; work harder and spend less. Never confound economy, which is a virtue, with stinginess, which is a vice, and often the very opposite of economy. Make your money before you spend it, and don't buy a thing because it is cheap; nor imagine for a moment that extravagance and gentility have any necessary or sensible connexion. We have too many young men among us who seem to think idleness a badge of high life, and the best mark of finished manners to loaf in soda shops and billiard rooms, spending their inheritance on frivolites—or more, running up debts they are never going to pay, for aught depends on them. If these would remember that labor in this country is honor, and idleness disgrace, and only spend on their brains one half they waste on their backs, the times would be as easy again as they are, and society be stocked with valuable men to fill its high places and lucrative employments; whereas but too many we see are bartering their reputation for perishable dross, and melting their substance away by keeping up a blaze of gentility to the world, which a little puff of scorn will soon extinguish, leaving nothing of them but an unsavory snuff. If we might advise them, it would be in those lines of Ben. Johnson, which we would like to see stuck up at every popular lounge and fashionable corner of the whole town:

"I'll have you sober, and contain yourself;
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expenses, now at first,
As you may have the same proportion still:
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and more borrowed thing
From dead mens' dust and bones, and none of yours,
Except you make or hold it."

Remarkable Case of Circumstantial Evidence.

At the Surry (Eng.) Sessions, recently, Mr. Charnock, who was engaged to defend a prisoner, (the evidence for the prosecution resting entirely on circumstantial evidence,) cited the following remarkable case:

On the Northern Circuit, a few years ago, a respectable farmer was indicted for the wilful murder of his niece, to whom he was left executor and guardian. A serious quarrel took place between the uncle and his ward, and the former was heard to say that his niece would never live to enjoy her property, although she wanted but a short period of becoming of age. Shortly after this declaration and quarrel, the niece was suddenly missed, and no one knew what had become of her. Rumors were quickly spread to the disadvantage of the farmer, until it was at length publicly reported that he had murdered his niece for the sake of possessing himself of her property, and that he had concealed the body. On his being apprehended on a charge of murder, various spots of blood were found on his clothes, those being the garments he was in the habit of wearing. Appearances went so much against the prisoner, that he was committed for trial. At the assizes, application was made to the judge to postpone the case, on the ground that public indignation was so generally excited against the prisoner that he could not go safely to trial, and an affidavit was put in, that if time was granted, there was no doubt the niece would be produced in court, and that the prisoner was entirely innocent of the murder. The application was successful, and in the interim the most strenuous exertions were made on behalf of the prisoner and his friends to find the niece, but all to no purpose, and the search proved fruitless. The period of the assizes at length came round, and being unable to produce the niece, the prisoner, to save his life, resorted to a deception, the fatal step of which procured his condemnation and execution within forty eight hours after trial. A young lady was produced in court exactly resembling the supposed murdered female; her height, age, complexion, hair, and voice, were so similar, that many persons in court, who where acquainted with the niece, were satisfied she was the same, and some witnesses actually swore to the identity. An intimation, however, was given to the counsel for the prosecution, that the female in court was not the niece of the prisoner, but the resemblance was perfect. By the most skillful cross-examination by the counsel for the prosecution, the artifice was at length detected, and the jury without hesitation pronounced the verdict of guilty. His lordship, in passing sentence of death, said it was impossibte the jury could have come to any other conclusion, and sentenced the unfortunate man to be executed on the following Monday. On the scaffold, with his last breath, the unhappy convict declared his innocence, but the clergyman rebuked him for hardihood, and the crowd of spectators who had witnessed the execution were satisfied he died a guilty man. Within two years after the execution, the niece actually made her appearance, and claimed the property to which she was entitled. It appeared that on the day after the unfortunate quarrel, the niece eloped from her uncle's house with a stranger, to whom she had recently become attached, and had never been heard of until her sudden and unexpected return, and that she had only by accident heard of her uncle's execution.

The Smith Family.—A contemporary says, that one Smith—probably John, as he is an old rogue, and a half-Saint—undertook to account for the immense number of Smiths, by saying that the original Smith family sustained so excellent a reputation that all the rascals in their neighborhood took their name in order the better to perpetrate villany. A son of Erin, who stood by, remarked that he judged from the big *lie* John had just told, that he was descended from a Smith family that had *stolen the name*.

An Irishman in New York who had signed the pledge previous to leaving Erin, was asked to take a drink. He was told that promises made in Europe were not binding in this country. "Faith," said the Irishman, "d'ye think i'ts me that would be after coming over to Amerika, and leaving my sowl in Ireland."